

Like Constellations a Million Years Away by timeless_alice

Series: Stars Aligned AU [2]

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: F/M, Fluff, Fluff and vague angst, Friendship, M/M, Not Actually Unrequited Love, Not Canon Compliant, Pining, Sleepovers, referenced self harm, this is mostly just cute i swear

Language: English

Characters: Eddie Kaspbrak, Patricia Blum Uris, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Patricia Blum Uris/St Stanley Uris

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Summary:

Some scenes that act as a follow up to Words Fall Flat.

Ch 1: Stan and Patricia have a moment alone. They don't talk about things they should.

Ch 2: Richie is jealous of something he maybe shouldn't be.

Ch 3: Some half realized confirmations from Eddie.

1. Conversations

In the heartbeat of private Stan and Patricia had, she cleaned his stitches and they talked. It was something they did well most of the time, though the situation found them dancing around topics that would eventually need examination. For the time, she just wanted to bask in the fact he was there and whole and that neither of them had died - she tried not to think of the word "yet" - from this whole ordeal.

"Your friends are happy to see you," she said.

"You didn't tell them I was coming." It wasn't an accusatory statement, she knew he wouldn't frame it that way if there had been a problem. Just a statement of an observation.

Careful not to disrupt her work, Patricia shrugged. "I thought that with everything going on," she said, "a nice surprise would be good for morale." A pause, a soft laugh. "I'm not exactly sure morale is the right word."

"It's good enough for the circumstances," he said, and that was that. No comment on how it had been the last time, no opening to a path that was better left unexplored for the time being.

She almost huffed and reached out to pull on that thread, to ask for things that still felt so out of her reach. But she bit the questions down and let herself revel in the quiet of the evening that had been, at least by the standards set by the last few days, relatively uneventful. She couldn't pretend that things were as they were before, not when evidence to the contrary was staring her in the face, but she would take what she could. So instead she grinned and continued on, carefully dabbing at fresh stitch work while he watched her.

A comfortable, familiar silence had fallen over them for a few precious seconds. It was only broken when his hand shifted to brush over hers, fingers alighting against her wrist and making her pause. Her teeth dug into her lip and she looked up to see him staring intently at her. Studying her.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" he asked, and it wasn't hard for her to figure out why.

Patricia took a deep breath, forcing herself to relax and smile, something that was only half forced. "It's fine," she said. "It's not like..." she trailed off, leaving the obvious unsaid. If they had more time alone, they would talk about what had happened. But as it was, they had no idea when the others would show up. She cleared her throat, the smile turning a little more genuine, and she added, "I'm really just glad you're here. Part of me thought you were going to change your mind."

"I almost did," he admitted with a hollow laugh. "I had to switch trains in New York and there was a moment where I thought that I could just go home and not deal with this." He sighed, the kind that shook through a whole body, and she frowned. Then his lips quirked upwards, and he continued. "But I couldn't leave you here, alone. With *them* ."

She knew that the deflecting to tease his friends was to avoid lingering on heavier topics, the real reason he didn't want to leave her alone. But she didn't comment on it. Instead she started to clean the stitches again, allowing herself a grin and said, "I'm happy you didn't." She hadn't really considered how wrong and alien it was in the most bone deep way possible for him to be away from her, even if she had been aware of it on some level the whole time. But the gap was mended and they were side by side again, the way it was meant to be.

She lifted his wrist to her lips, pressing a kiss to the stitches she had just finished cleaning. The sharp smell of disinfectant that only just hid the smell of Hospital hit her before the taste did, enough to be known even with the slightest bit of contact. She recoiled, pressing the back of her free hand to her mouth.

"Why did I do that?" she said, a little distraught and a lot cursing herself for doing something so stupid in the immediate aftermath. Her eyes went puppy dog wide in a theatrical plea for sympathy.

And Stan, for his part, laughed. Not maliciously, but a familiar tease that bubbled in his chest and never failed to draw a smile from her.

He leaned forward, pressing a quick kiss to her nose and lightly bumping his forehead to hers.

"I missed you so much," he said, mouth curling into a teasing smirk that she knew all too well.

Grasping the wonderful sense of familiar and normal with both hands, Patricia let go of his wrist to push him away, still wiping at her mouth. He laughed louder and the whole situation, the whole week they'd had, felt so much less dire. Things would come crashing back down around them sooner rather than later, she knew, but she'd take this moment.

"Stop," she said, voice an overdramatic whine. "I need to go rinse out my mouth."

2. Jealousy

Of all the stupid and, quite frankly, inappropriate reasons for Richie to be jealous, he never really assumed it would involve watching Eddie clean someone's stitches. And yet there he was, standing in the entrance to the Uris' now shared hotel room with a perfect view of where Eddie was sitting on the bed with one hand gently holding Stan's wrist as the other dabbed at the stitch work with delicate care. Eddie's brow was furrowed and his lips pulled in a tight line as he concentrated, having barely even looking up in Richie's direction when he arrived.

Richie's face burned at the sight of it, and he averted his gaze with an awkward clearing of his throat. He hardly noticed Patricia, who had been the one to greet him at the door in a pair of flannel pajamas just a size too big for her, lean against the wall beside him. It wasn't until she sighed that his attention broke and shifted to her, as she folded her arms across her chest. She didn't look at him, instead watching the two of them.

"You missed the lecture," she said in something of a stage whisper. Stan shot her a glance, but Eddie was too focused on what he was doing. "A mile a minute- I couldn't even understand most of it."

"That sounds like Eds," Richie said, and at that Eddie looked up to shoot him a familiar glare. Richie almost blew him a kiss, but stopped himself with an internal shake. Something were still tucked away and they'd stay that way for the time being. Instead he just grinned, the kind you give when you know you're being a shit but want to pretend you don't have a clue what you did wrong. Without much more, Eddie returned to his meticulous work.

"I think it's sweet," she said. Then there was a pause, a finger lifting to tap at her chin. "I don't think I'd like to be on the receiving end of one, though."

Richie barked a laugh. "Oh, it's just a matter of fucking time." Patricia turned just so she could raise an eyebrow at him, a slight look of dawning horror creeping into her features from the edges. "And you'll get used to it, trust me."

She hummed softly, turning back to Eddie and her husband, watching them once again. Richie moved out of the doorway, shifting a backpack on his shoulder as he closed the door behind him, and took a position beside Patricia. He leaned over, propping his forearm across her shoulder.

"How much was Eddie insisting he do this?" he asked.

She smiled, and said, "I'd say 'like you wouldn't believe' but I really think you can imagine." Her voice dropped low to an actual whisper. "I didn't really have a problem with letting him. He cares a lot, in his own way." She shrugged one shoulder, which served the double purpose of pushing Richie off her. "You guys were lucky to be friends."

There was a pang of sadness in Richie's chest at that, and he gave her a gentle shove. "Come on. You're like, an honorary Loser now, all that's missing is the blood pact."

"I meant as kids," she said, with an audible eye roll that truly marked her as Stan's equal. "But thanks." Despite the mild tease her tone was soft and it was genuine, even if it was tinged with a little sadness. He didn't pick at that thread.

The two fell into silence as they watched their respective loves (one unrequited, one requited) and waited for the others to show up. Richie had to keep himself from staring at Eddie's hands as they moved to replace Stan's bandages, his movements so careful and sure that it made Richie ache; he would, so very much so, like to hold those hands one day.

3. Chapter 3

It was like a sleepover from when they were kids. Well, not quite, considering they were all middle aged and had responsibilities that ran a little deeper than "get good grades" and "don't ride your bike in traffic." But with all of them packing into the hotel room - with only a few raised eyebrows from the staff, as they asked for extra pillows and blankets - it did feel, almost, if they were only to close their eyes and pretend, like they were little kids again. It was certainly familiar enough.

They took up what spaces they could on the floor, with Stan and Patricia claiming the room's bed (under the logic that it was their room and that they were the ones paying for it, when less than serious objections were raised) and Beverly laying claim to the singular cot that the group had managed to acquire. It was, all things considered, a rather tight fit for the whole group, but it wasn't as if anyone was willing to leave to make up space.

Richie took up a spot by the bed, angled enough to see the others as they settled into their own spots on the floor. The room buzzed softly with chatter as they got ready for the night, which Richie suspected might stretch into all hours in the morning just as sleepovers had when they were kids. And that felt alright, gentle and airy and yes, teetering a little bit on the knife's edge in a way that perched at the very edges of their mind. But that was familiar in its way, too, though one they could do without.

It wasn't long until Eddie, with his usual dead set determination, took up position next to Richie. Easing in closer than expected, not saying a word even as Richie's breath caught in his throat and his mind screamed for him to find another place to spend the night. And as instincts buried into him, ones that were hard to shake off even with confessions and reassurances of friendship that still left his chest feeling lighter than it had ever been, he propped himself onto his elbows to move. Eddie shot him one of his looks, eyes narrowed and lips pulled in a tight line like he was preparing to go off on some rant or another.

"Where the fuck do you think you're going?" Eddie said, instead of

whatever long winded rant Richie had half expected.

It still might be brewing, he thought dimly, staring at Eddie with something of a slack jawed expression. He closed his mouth with an audible snap of teeth and he forced a carefree smile.

"Going to find somewhere else to sleep?" he offered, voice a little weaker than he intended. He pointed towards open space near Ben and Bill, that wouldn't be so cramped. So close to touching Eddie.

Eddie rolled his eyes and pulled Richie back down so they were lying on their stomachs side by side. Arms touched arms, Richie's bare skin tingling at every point of contact until he was sure he had actual goosebumps. "Fuck off," Eddie said, "It's too cold on the floor to sleep by yourself."

There was a pause, Richie working his mouth as he tried to find something to say. The words all stuck in his throat, snagging there like things with thorns. Even jokes died before they could emerge, and eventually he managed a soft, almost strangled, "Are you sure? Even with...?" He trailed off, giving a vague wave of his hand.

A hush fell over the room, so quiet that the shifting of blankets and bodies echoed like thunder. Richie's face burned and he wished so desperately that he could take that back. But the thought of it really did twist in his gut, gnawing away at him.

For the briefest of moments Richie could have sworn a look of concern, of sadness and worry that ran differently than his usual kind, crossed Eddie's face. Only for it to be replaced with his look of mild exasperation and annoyance. "No shit, dumbass," he snapped, and he drove an elbow into Richie's ribs as best he could with the awkward angle they had. "If that was an issue I would've picked somewhere else."

Richie could only manage a deep, stiff nod, the tension in his shoulders he had become so used to having that he didn't even realize was there easing into almost nothing. There was, and he suspected always would be, some part of him that still expected the explosive fallout. But Eddie was there, next to him, wonderful in that closeness and in the sensation of touch. And it was, at least just for that

moment, all okay.

Author's Note:

this is largely unedited stuff but here y'all go

title from Constellations by the oh hellos

im on tumblr at timelessmulder